

THE DOVE SERIES.

GREAT THINGS
DONE BY LITTLE PEOPLE.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "TRUE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE."

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS.



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"He stooped down and put his little hand into the hole where the water was running out."

THE DOVE SERIES,

IN LARGE TYPE, WILL EMBRACE

THE DOVE, AND OTHER STORIES,

GREAT THINGS DONE BY LITTLE PEOPLE,

LITTLE LILLA; OR, THE WAY TO BE HAPPY,

LITTLE ANIMALS DESCRIBED FOR LITTLE PEOPLE,

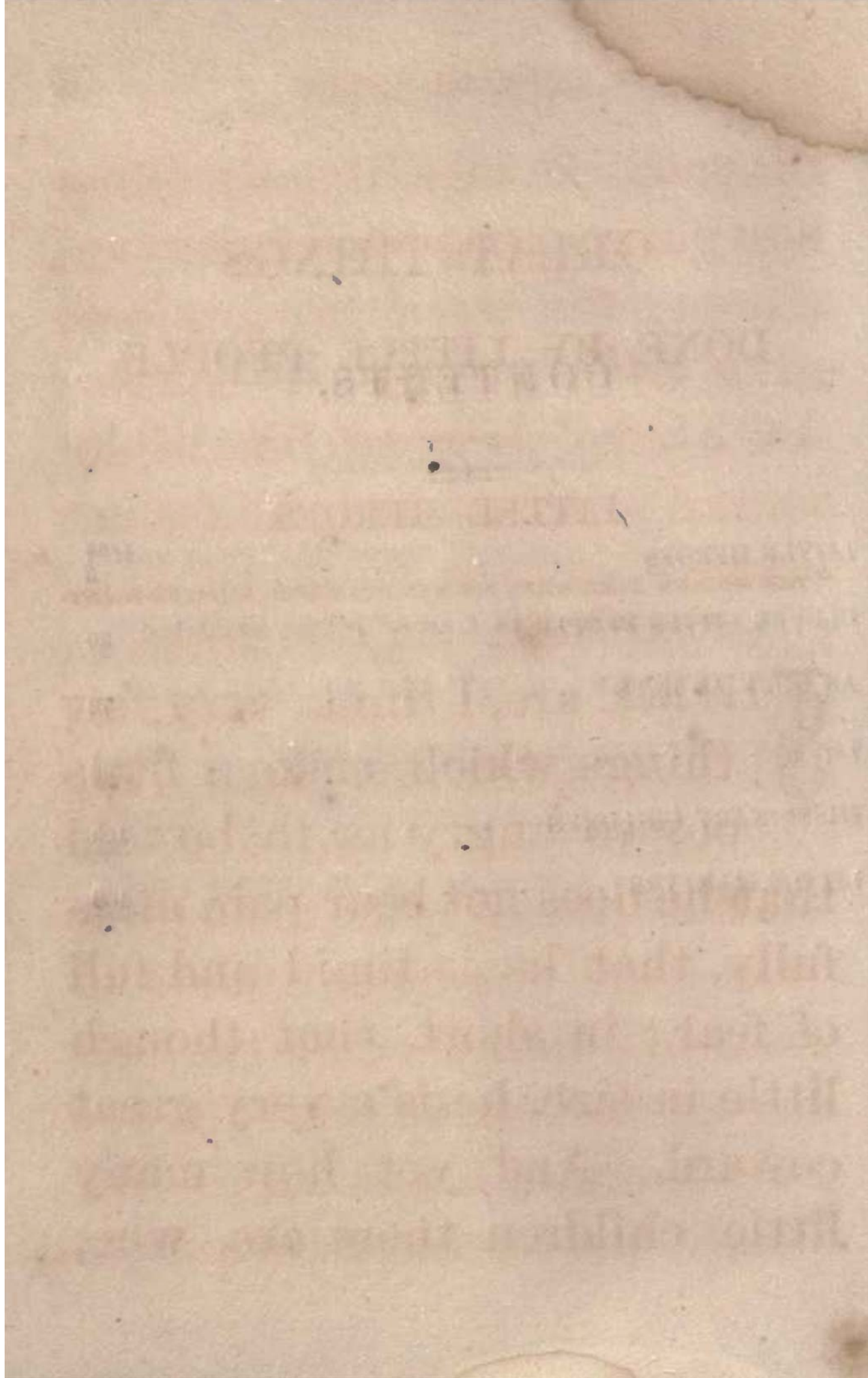
LITTLE FACTS FOR LITTLE PEOPLE,

TRUE STORIES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

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GREAT THINGS DONE BY LITTLE PEOPLE.

LITTLE HEROES.

“THE WICKED FLEE WHEN NO MAN PURSUETH, BUT THE RIGHT-
EOUS ARE BOLD AS A LION.” — Prov. xxviii. 1.

THESE are, I think, very few things which make a little boy so angry as to be told that he does not bear pain manfully, that he is timid and full of fear; in short, that though little in size, he is a very great coward. And yet how many little children there are, who,

while they like to be thought brave and bold, persevering and resolute, yet have not enough courage to set to work with might and main to learn a lesson which looks a little harder than usual, or to take a nasty medicine which they know is for their good!

Perhaps you think it is not worth while to be courageous and persevering about such little things as these ; but I very strongly suspect that if you are not brave in little things you will be a coward in great ones. If the little school-boy that I

am going to tell you about was very brave and steadfast in a great deed, as I am quite certain you will say he was, I think you may be sure he was not cowardly in the little deeds.

This little boy was born in Holland. Now do you know what sort of a country Holland is? If not, I will tell you. It is a very flat, low country; so low that a great deal of it is lower than the sea; and this causes the people a great deal of trouble. You see that as the land is so low the sea can run up over it, and knock down the

little cottages, and spoil all the gardens and fields, and then many of the poor Hollanders might be drowned. So, to prevent such a dreadful thing from happening, they build great mounds, called dikes, along the sea coast, and along the sides of the rivers; and these mounds keep the sea from coming up over the land, and doing all the mischief I have told you about.

But what would happen if there was a hole in one of these mounds, some little child may say. Ah! that is just what I am going to tell you. Some-

times the water, having been beating and dashing against the mound a long time, makes it crack, and forces its way through ; and then, then the great torrent comes rolling along, knocking down all before it, till the pretty villages are all in ruins ; and the people are running in all directions trying to escape from the river, which seems as if it were determined to catch them.

So you see what a sad thing it must be if one of these dikes gets broken down. And now for my story.

The little Dutch boy was trotting home from school one evening, with his little bag of books hanging over his shoulder, thinking, I dare say, how pleasant it was to be out in the cool air after spending all day in the hot schoolroom, how nice his home would look when he reached it, and how glad he should be for his tea and his mother's kiss. But what is that sound he hears like running water? what can it be? He stands still and wonders; and then he remembers how he once heard that if by any ac-

cident the dike was broken down, and the water let loose, it would cover the land, and bring ruin and trouble to the poor Hollanders. And so off he ran to the mound, and there, sure enough, he found a little hole, very small; but still he knew that very soon it would get bigger and bigger, till at last the whole dike would give way.

Already a little stream of water was trickling through: what must he do? What could he do all alone? for nobody was near. Should he run home

and tell his friends? that was what many little boys would have done: but no; it was a long way to his home, and perhaps before he got there it might be too late; the dike might be down, and the water rushing over the land.

He looked all around him; it was beginning to grow dark, and there he was all alone. What would you have done, do you think? I wonder if you would have had courage enough to do what this little boy did. He stooped down on the cold damp ground, and put his little

fat hand into the hole where the water was running out. It was just big enough to stop it up ; and there the little fellow lay, for how long do you think? Very soon he got very cold, and very hungry, and very sleepy ; but still he stayed. I am sure he must have wished very much that somebody would come by and see him and help him. But no one came. The sun set, the night grew very dark, the cold winds blew ; but still the little Dutch boy kept his watch. Hour after hour passed away : what a long, long night that

was ! But at last it began to grow a little lighter ; there were little streaks of light across the sky ; and then by-and-by the beautiful sun once more rose. Then the brave little fellow hoped that his watch was nearly over ; and so it was, for quite early some men coming by to their work found him there ; and though, courageous to the last, he held his little hand firmly in the crack, the large tears on his cheeks and his pit-eous wailing showed how hard he had found it to keep guard all through that night. Was

he not a dear, brave little boy? and do you not think his mother must have been very pleased with him? Yes; I am sure he must have got many, many kisses when he went home, for all the people in the town would be so glad to think that their nice cottages and pretty gardens were saved from the rushing and foaming water.

But little children cannot often do such wonderful things as this; sometimes God pleases to use them as little tools to do a great work; but generally they have to show their courage

and bravery in what seem to be little things — such as bearing a sharp pain without complaining ; and this is not at all easy, as I dare say some of you know very well.

Very likely you know how hard it is not to cry when you fall down and hurt yourself very much ; or when you have been looking forward for a long time to some nice treat, and are told you cannot have it, you feel it is very difficult to be happy and contented. Well, then, when you have these little troubles, try and remember

who it is that sends them, and remember too that He knows whether you bear the sorrow well or ill ; whether there is a cross and angry feeling in your little heart, or whether like a brave child you are showing that you know that God always does what is right and best.

Shall I tell you a story of a little boy who had a great, great pain to bear, much greater than you will ever have, I hope, and who bore it like a man — yes, and like a very brave man too.

He was a little French boy, only eight years old ; and he

had been sent by his mother one day to fetch a loaf from the baker's shop. He got his loaf, and was trotting off home with it snugly tucked under his arm, when he came to the side of the railway, which he had to cross to reach home.

Now, he had often crossed that railway before, and was not at all afraid to do so ; but just as he reached the middle, he happened to turn round, and saw a train coming along very fast indeed. The little fellow would have had time enough to reach the other side if he had

not just then tripped up and fallen; still he knew he had better lie still where he lay between the lines, and let the train pass over him; perhaps he thought to himself "it will not hurt me."

On, on came the train, rumbling and hissing, nearer and nearer; it is close, close upon him. It happened that the little fellow had on a loose pinafore, and as this was blowing about in the wind it was caught by an iron on the engine. The poor little French boy was dragged along by it till the

train stopped at the station ; and then when the people ran to take him up they found that one of the wheels had passed over his arm and nearly cut it off. It must have hurt him dreadfully ; but now he showed how brave he was. He did not cry and scream, as some little children do when they have fallen down and scratched their knees, nor did he begin to tell everybody how much he was hurt. Oh no ; the very first thing he said was, " Please do not tell mother ; " and then he asked somebody to fetch the

loaf which he had dropped when the train caught him up.

Should you have been so courageous, do you think, and should you have been able to bear the dreadful pain without giving one scream or one cry? It would be very well to be so; but if you wish to grow brave in great things, you must begin by being so in little things, such as I told you about before.

But you must not think that it is only little boys that can be brave. There have been, and are, little heroines in the world as well as little heroes ;

and now you shall hear about a courageous little girl.

Perhaps you will say she did not do anything very wonderful,—any very great deed; but if you try and put yourself in her place, and while I am telling you about her imagine that you are little Agnes, I think you will quite agree with me that she was a very brave child, and deserves to have her story told.

It was a bitterly cold evening in the winter time, when six little children sat round a tiny fire in their cottage home in

the north of England. Their father and mother had gone that morning to a neighboring town, but they had promised to come back in the evening; and now the little ones were eagerly expecting them home.

The snow was falling heavily; the wind was blowing and howling round the little cottage; and many times over the little ones said to each other, how cold and tired mother would be when she got home. It grew very dark: night came on; but still the six children listened and watched, starting

up at every sound, and then again sitting sad and disappointed; for no father or mother came. At last, little Agnes, the eldest child, who was nine years old, said that it was quite time for the little ones to go to bed; so she undressed them, and tucked them up in their little beds, and they were soon fast asleep.

But the heart of the poor little girl was aching sadly; she heard the noise of the wind and the snow, and she knew how difficult it would be to get home that stormy night, over

the dark mountain, and along that narrow path; and it was with very dreadful fears that Agnes at last lay down to sleep.

The next morning when they woke and got up, their little cottage was quite shut in and buried in the snow; they could not get out, and no friend could get in to them: what were they to do? Well, they did the only thing they could do, and that was the best thing possible. They all knelt down together and asked God to take care of them, now that they had no

one else to help them; and then Agnes got them their breakfast, and comforted them when they began to grow sad, and was quite a little mother to them.

And so another day passed away, and another night, and then another day began; and oh! the time seemed so very long; but all the while, though sick at heart with sorrow and anxiety, the good little sister took care of the little ones, dressed them in the morning just as their mother would have done, and when the evening

came and it was bed-time she sang them to sleep.

Now do not say this was all very easy, and just what you would have done if you had been Agnes. I hope you would have been quite as good; but I am sure you would not have found it easy. Only think how sad and anxious she must have felt, how she must have wanted her dear parents, and how dreadful it must have seemed to be shut in by the snow just like a prison. And yet all the while she tried to seem happy and cheerful, that her brothers and

sisters might not be frightened; for if they had known how sad she felt, they would have been as miserable too.

At last, after three days, the snow ceased, and the warm bright sun began to shine on the cold earth again, and then the snow began to melt; and to her great joy Agnes could get out of the house and find her way to the nearest cottage. There she told all her sad story; how her father and mother had gone out and never come back again; how sad she and her brothers and sisters were; and

how they had been shut in by the snow for three days without being able to get out.

The kind neighbors were very, very sorry; and they went at once to look for the lost parents, and very soon they found them; but they were quite dead and stiff and cold, almost buried in the snow.

And what became of the poor little orphans?

When their father and mother were gone, the Lord took them up. He put it into the hearts of kind people to care for the little ones; so that they

were taken away from that lonely old cottage, which would have been so melancholy for them without their parents ; and they found happy homes with kind friends in other places.

Was it not a good thing for the poor little ones that Agnes was so brave, so clever, and so loving ? Suppose she had been cross and unkind ; suppose she had not known how to dress and wash them, or make their food ; or suppose she had sat down to cry by herself, and never thought of asking God to

take care of them: what do you think would have become of the poor little things? So you see now the use of being courageous.

One thing, however, you must be very certain about. You must be quite sure that what you are doing is right. There are some little people who think it is very grand to be bold in doing what is wrong—in speaking rudely to papa or mamma, for instance. They think it sounds very brave and fearless to say, “Oh! I don’t care what they say; I am old

enough and big enough to manage for myself, and to know what is good for me without being told." Now, there is nothing courageous in behaving in that way. If a little boy disobeys any one who is older and wiser than himself, it only shows that he is very proud and self-willed; and I am quite sure that no one was ever happy who refused to listen to the little voice inside that told him not to do such a naughty thing.

No ; you must be brave and bold only in doing what is right ; if you know that you

are doing what would please God, you have nothing to fear; and this is why the Bible says, The righteous are bold as a lion.

I have told you two stories about little heroes, and now I will finish this chapter with an old, old tale of a brave little boy; and at the end you shall guess who I mean.

Well, to begin: once upon a time there lived in a country far away, a little boy, whose business it was to keep his father's sheep. He was a pretty, rosy-cheeked boy, and, what

is far better, he was a good little boy. He loved his father and mother, his brothers and sisters; yes, and he loved the great God too.

I daresay, too, that the little shepherd-boy loved his pretty sheep; at all events, I know he took great care of them. Sometimes they wandered far away, and he had a great deal of trouble in finding them all and bringing them safe home at night. Now it happened one day that when the little fellow was busy watching his charge as they roamed about the green

meadows, or down by the still waters, he heard such a terrible noise that it made his heart beat, and his face grow pale. What was it? It sounded like the roar of some wild beast; perhaps some dreadful animal coming to steal a poor little lamb. Yes, there is the noise again; and now he sees not only one, but two dreadful creatures coming up the hill, quite close to the precious flock. One is a dark brown animal, with a rough, shaggy skin, and the other is a fierce, hungry lion. What could a poor little boy do

.

against two such strong savage beasts? Would it not be better to let them take a lamb, and run away and save himself?

But no: the little boy was a faithful shepherd to his sheep; he did not run away and leave them, but came and fought their battle for them. I cannot tell you how he did it, for I do not know; we are only told that he slew both the lion and the bear; and we know that as he could not have done it by his own strength, the great God whom he loved and trusted in must have made his heart bold,

and his arm strong, to do this great deed.

Have you guessed yet whose history I have been telling you? I should think you must have long ago; indeed, I daresay you know the story as well as I do, but it is such a beautiful one that you will not mind hearing it over again. And why is it so beautiful? I think there are two reasons, — first, because it shows us how bold and courageous even a little boy can be when he trusts in the power and love of his heavenly Father, and also because it teaches

us that if we put our trust in God, and rest only on him, we need not fear what man or beast can do to us, for he will watch over us with even greater care than the little shepherd-boy who kept his father's sheep.

CLEVER LITTLE PEOPLE.

"A WISE SON MAKETH A GLAD FATHER."—PROV. X. 1..

 DO not think I need explain this text to you, need I? I expect most of you know what it means very well. You can remember, I daresay, that sometimes when you have learned a lesson very well, and repeated it very nicely, or done your work much better than usual, there comes such a bright, happy look over mamma's or papa's face, that you know at

once they are pleased with you, and are glad to see you are getting on so well. And you like to see that look, do you not? and when you have seen it once, you wish to bring it there again, for it makes you feel bright and happy too.

Well, then, try and use the talents God has given you so as to make the most of them. You may be quite sure he has given you some great gifts ; but if you do not use them, you will never be one of those children who make their fathers glad.



"The walls of the garret were white, and would do instead of paper."

About a hundred years ago a little boy was born in the town of Bristol, to whom God gave some great gifts. Now this little boy's name was Thomas Lawrence: he had a great many brothers and sisters; but as he was the youngest of all, he seems to have been a great favorite and pet. His father especially was very fond of him, and as he had a very good memory, when he was only four years old he taught him to repeat a great deal of poetry for the amusement of his friends. Now little Thomas Lawrence's

father was not a rich man : he lived in a small house, and could not afford to pay much for his little boy's schooling; and yet Thomas grew up to be a very famous man, as you shall hear.

When he was very, very small, perhaps as small as the youngest of my little readers, he used to amuse himself with drawing people's portraits—all his brothers and sisters and little friends being only too ready to have their pictures taken; and thus he had a great deal of practice, so that by the time

he was six years old he had become quite a clever little artist. And they were not his only models; for when any travellers arrived at the inn which his father kept, little Tommy was perched on a high stool, with pencil and paper to draw their portraits: so that you will not be surprised to hear that his father was very proud of his clever little boy, and delighted in seeing him busy in this way.

It happened one evening that some very rich visitors arrived at the inn, intending to pass the night there. They were

shown into the sitting-room, and while resting there, little Thomas Lawrence rushed in and began capering about the room. They were very much surprised, and I daresay thought him very rude and troublesome ; but when they heard from his father how nicely he could draw, they began to feel very much interested in him.

“Can you draw a portrait of that gentleman?” asked the lady, pointing to her husband.

“That I can ; and it will be very like too,” said the little fellow, as he ran with great

delight to fetch the paper for his drawing. In half an hour it was finished; and then he began a second picture, of the lady, which was so well done that a person who saw it twenty-five years after knew who it was meant for from the likeness.

It would not have been very strange if little Lawrence had grown rather vain and conceited when he found he could draw so nicely, though he had never learned at all; but I do not think he was. He was one day visiting with his friends a fine

house where there were a great many splendid pictures, and one particularly caught his eye. For a long time he stood looking at it, — it was a painting by a very famous artist, — and when at last he turned away from it, he gave a deep sigh, and exclaimed, “I shall never be able to paint like that.”

You see now that, as I told you before, Thomas Lawrence had very great talents; and you see too that he used them, and made the most of them, and so he became a famous artist; and when he died he was buried

in St. Paul's Cathedral, where only great men are buried. I daresay that some day you will see his tomb there ; and when you grow a little older, and are taken to see picture galleries, you will see some of the beautiful portraits that he painted ; and then you must remember what I have told you about him when he was a little boy. But perhaps some little child will say, Oh yes ! it is very easy for such clever people to do wonderful things, but I am so stupid and dull I could never become great. Well, then, I will tell

.

you about a little boy who might well have said he should never be able to be of any use in the world; and when you have heard what he did, I think you will be quite ashamed ever to say you cannot do anything again.

Little Cæsar Ducornet was a French boy, who was born without any arms or hands; such a poor helpless, deformed, sickly child, unable to do anything for himself, that it seemed to everybody that his life must be a useless and unhappy one. For what he could do to keep

himself when he had no arms, seemed quite a puzzle; and then to sit all day long idle, knowing that he was so deformed that no one liked to look at him, that idle naughty boys would laugh and mock at him — oh! all that must have been hard indeed to bear.

Many little children would think such a trouble quite an excuse for being not only idle but fretful; but little Cæsar thought quite differently. He determined to try and be contented, and to make the best use he could of the limbs which

he had. He had heard that some people could use a pen almost as well with their toes as with their fingers ; and as he had always longed to be able to draw, he thought he would try if he could not hold a pencil in the same way.

It must have felt very strange and awkward at first, but Cæsar was not to be easily daunted ; and by degrees he grew quite clever with his toes, and very pleased he must have been when he had finished his first drawing. And you must not think that his pictures were only done

to amuse himself, and were worth nothing. They were beautifully and carefully drawn, so that nobody would ever have guessed that they were done by a little boy without any hands.

You see there is nothing like trying; we never know what we can do till we try; and we should never let little difficulties, no, nor even great ones, hinder us from doing our very best.

In a little village in the sunny land of Italy, there lived two little boys who were great

friends. Their names were Pietro and Tommaso, or, as we should call them in English, Peter and Thomas. Now they were both very poor. Little Peter's business was to take care of sheep on the mountains; but as his little friend Thomas could not get any work to do in his native village, he was sent away to the town of Florence to be a servant in the kitchen of a rich cardinal.

The little shepherd remained at home; but after some time he determined to leave his sheep and go after Thomas to the

great city. It was not merely because he wished to see his little friend again that he took this long journey on foot ; he had another reason. He knew that Florence was a very learned city, that there were many clever men and great artists there ; and he thought that if he could only get there he would be able to learn to draw and become an artist too, and this was his great desire.

The journey was one of great difficulty ; and when that was over, and he found himself in Florence, his first thought was

to find the great house where his little friend lived. At last he was at the door, and after waiting a little while, Thomas appeared. He was very much surprised, but very pleased to see his old playmate, and led him up to the little garret where he slept, that they might have a little chat and settle their plans.

It was soon agreed that as Thomas had plenty to eat, and Peter had nothing, they should divide the food, and that as the bed would hold two, they should sleep together; and both looked

forward to many happy hours in their little garret home.

The next thing to be done was to get pencils and paper for his drawings ; but how that was to be done was not so easily settled. Neither of them had any money, nor any chance of getting any ; and little Peter's face grew rather long at this disappointment. Must he really give up all hopes of becoming a painter and a great man ? Must he go back to his sheep in the old village of Cortona, and give up all his fine plans when they seemed so near being

fulfilled ? No : little Thomas had thought of another plan. The walls of the garret were white, and would do instead of paper ; and if he could not buy pencils for his friend, he could get him plenty of charcoal ; and since nothing better could be got, the little artist was soon hard at work with these rough materials. The little garret was soon covered with his sketches ; but before long, his active little friend had managed to obtain a little sum of money, not for himself, but to obtain for Peter the long-wished-for paper and pencils.

With these he set vigorously to work. Every morning, as soon as it was light, he stole down from his little room out into the street, and went from one church to another, — for you know that in the Roman Catholic churches of Italy there are a great many beautiful pictures; and it was to copy these that little Peter had come to Florence. Now these paintings were many of them done by some of the greatest artists who ever lived; and yet this little fellow, who had never drawn at all except with charcoal on the

white walls of his garret, was not afraid to try and copy them. Do you not think he must have been courageous, as well as clever?

All day he spent in this way, and when night came, he trotted back quite happy to his little friend, and quite ready for his supper, which Thomas always took care to have ready for him; and thus day after day passed merrily and busily with the two little boys.

At last their secret was discovered. The cardinal, who was Thomas's master, had de-

terminated to have his palace repaired and improved ; and it happened one day that when he was going over it with the builder, he visited the very highest rooms in the house, and at last came to the little garret where Peter and Thomas slept. The room was quite empty, for Peter was out in the town, and Thomas was down in the kitchen. But the drawings on the wall at once caught the cardinal's eye ; they were not the rough charcoal sketches which Peter had first made : they had been rubbed out long ago ; and

now there were many beautiful little drawings which showed that a clever little artist had been there. I suppose no one in the house had ever heard of Peter, certainly not the cardinal, who thought that it was his servant Thomas who had thus ornamented his room. He sent for him that he might tell him how much he admired his works ; and when he heard from him the history of his little friend, how he had longed to become a painter, how hard he had worked to learn to draw, and how he had lived in that

house for two whole years, he wished very much to see him and talk to him himself.

“When he comes home to-night, you may bring him to me,” he said to Thomas, who was delighted to find that the drawings of his dear Peter were admired by such a great personage as his master, who was so clever and so learned. The evening came, but no Peter appeared; day after day passed, and nothing was heard of him, till Thomas began to think something dreadful must have happened to him.

At last he was discovered at an old convent, where he had made friends with the monks, and obtained their leave to copy a picture which was in their chapel ; he was brought back to the palace and presented to the cardinal, who received him most kindly, and a little while after, to his great delight, placed him under the care of one of the best Italian artists.

I daresay he often thought when he was grown up and become a great and clever painter, of the days he had passed in that little garret at the top of

the cardinal's palace, and of his first attempt to draw on the white wall with a piece of charcoal; and very glad he must have been that he had not been discouraged by all the difficulties he met with, but had persevered till success came.

But I am afraid that if I only tell you stories about clever little boys who grew up to be great men, some little girls will be jealous, or perhaps will think that they can never do anything great or be useful in the world. Now that would be making a great mistake; for

little girls are often quite as clever and useful as their brothers.

I will tell you about one little girl who was as clever and bright as any little child could be. But first of all, have you ever been to the British Museum? If so, did you go into a large room up a great flight of stairs, where there are a great many skeletons and bones of animals and fishes? Well, some of these great creatures lived upon this earth thousands of years ago, and when they died, and their bodies decayed and

fell to dust, their bones sank into the ground, and for a long time nobody knew that such great animals had ever lived.

But about sixty years ago a little girl was born whose name was Mary Anning. Her father was a carpenter, and a very poor man; and when he died her mother did not know how to get money enough to buy food for her children.

But Mary was an industrious little thing, and wished she could do something to earn some money to help her mother. She remembered how her father

when he was alive used to go down to the seashore to hunt for curious stones, shells, and seaweeds, which he sold to any one who would buy them. If she could find some of these things, and sell them, how nice it would be to take some money, even if it were only a few pence, home to her mother.

But she was more successful than she had hoped. With a beautiful fossil shell — that is, a very old shell which had got turned into stone — she was returning home when a lady met her, and noticing the treasure

in her hand, offered to give her half a crown for it, if she would sell it.

This was just what she wanted; and greatly delighted, she made up her mind to go on hunting on the beach with all her might. Sometimes she was very successful, and at other times she did not find any "coosities," as she called them; but still she persevered. The next year, when she was still busy at the same work, she happened one day to notice the white bones of an animal sticking out between the ledges of

a rock. She found that there were more bones in the cliff, and thinking they must be something very curious, she got some men to come and dig them out. The bones turned out to be the skeleton of an enormous creature, something like a very, very large lizard, only I am afraid I cannot make you understand how very big it was. Let me see ; well, it was as long as a very long room ; and if you want to know more about it, you must get papa or mamma to take you to the British Museum, where you will see a skel-

eton of one of these creatures. Little Mary Anning was only ten years old when she found this great creature. Many little girls would not have taken the trouble to find out what the bones were if they had seen them ; but she was a sharp little thing, and saw at once that they were something very curious, and she wanted to know how they got there. After this, as long as she lived, she went on looking for curiosities, and many were the strange and wonderful things she found.

Now when I tell you all these

wonderful things that little children of your own age have done, you must not imagine I want to make you think you can all do as great things and be as clever if you like. I know you cannot all do great things ; perhaps very few of you can ; but I am sure that you can all do your best, and if you always do do your best nobody knows what great things may come of it.

And in what is it that I am to do my best, some little child may say. Why, in everything you have to do, — in the little

duties that fall to your lot every day, in the lessons you learn and the games you play, in every single thing you do, do it heartily as unto the Lord.

AS BUSY AS BEES.

“WHATSOEVER THINE HAND FINDETH TO DO, DO IT WITH THY MIGHT.”— Eccles. ix. 10.

THE great gifts and talents that we were talking about in the last chapter are not given to everybody; perhaps it is very seldom that we meet with people as clever and sharp as little Thomas Lawrence, or Cæsar Ducornet, or Mary Ann-ing; but whether we are clever or stupid, whether we have great gifts or not, we may all

have what is worth a great deal more, and that is perseverance and industry.

A French gentleman, walking one day in the streets of Paris, met a great strong-looking man, ragged and dirty, who stopped him to beg for a few half-pence. The gentleman, of course, thought that such a great strong fellow ought to work for his living, and not go begging about the streets in that idle way; and he told him so. And what do you think was his answer? He did not say, as beggars generally do,

that they cannot get any one to give them work, and therefore are obliged to beg; he told the truth at once, though how it was he was not ashamed to do so I do not know, "Ah, sir! if you did but know how lazy I am," was his answer; and though I have no doubt it was quite true, still I am sure you will agree with me that it was a shocking confession to make.

But do you not think it is possible that some of those little people who say that they cannot learn a lesson because it is difficult, or because they

are not clever enough, might, if they told the truth, have to say much the same thing?

If this is the case with any of my little readers, I hope they will very soon make up their minds to turn over a new leaf, and become as busy as bees; for whether you are clever or stupid, bright or dull, nothing will go well with you if you are lazy.

I never saw a lazy child that was a happy one; and why is this, do you think? Because if you are not busy working for God, you are sure to be work-

ing for Satan ; and how dreadful it is to think we are doing anything for him !

I know that some little people do not like the word *industrious* ; they think it means that they should be persevering and hard-working at their lessons ; and so, of course, it does. But that is not all : there are some children who have no book lessons to learn, who never go to school at all ; — but that is no reason why they should be lazy.

Little James Lackington was the child of a very poor and



"Day after day the neighbors heard his weak, shrill voice, as he walked up and down crying his pies."

very wicked man ; and though he had a very good hard-working mother, who tried to earn enough money to keep her children from starving, still he often knew what it was to feel faint and sick from hunger, and to cry himself to sleep at night when he was obliged to go to bed without any supper. For he had many little brothers and sisters younger than himself ; and all their mother's earnings were not sufficient to buy food for so many hungry little mouths. James himself was not old enough, or strong enough,

to help his mother much, but he could take care of the little ones; and as, of course, he could not go to school, he used to spend the whole day nursing the baby, or wandering about the streets with the bigger children. It was an idle sort of life for a boy to lead, and, as was natural, he soon began to get into mischief. There were many wicked boys who lived in the neighborhood, and from them he was fast learning to swear, to tell lies, and to steal. What would have become of him if this had gone on, I am

sure I cannot say ; but the Good Shepherd, who carries the lambs in His arms, took pity on this poor neglected child, and put it into the heart of a kind baker to give him some work to do. It was not very difficult work ; it was only selling penny pies about the streets, and some children might have thought it very stupid and uninteresting, and not worth taking any pains about.

Little James did not do so ; his lazy, idle way of crawling along the street at once disappeared : the dull, gloomy look

left his thin face, and day after day the neighbors heard his weak shrill voice as he walked up and down crying his pies. It was an easy thing to do, certainly, but he did it well: he did it with his might; and the consequence was that the baker sold more penny pies and cakes than he had ever done before; and James, having found out the pleasure of earning money, grew more and more active and industrious.

Now there is one thing I should like you to keep always in mind, if you have any little

brothers or sisters, or even any little friends who are much with you ; and that is, that any little people who are younger than you are will be very likely to imitate you. If you are good, they will try to be good too ; if you are humble and gentle, they will see how naughty it is to be proud and ill-tempered ; if you are obedient and do as you are told, they will try to be like you ; and if you are busy and industrious, they will be ashamed to be idle and lazy.

But if you are not good, gentle, obedient, and industrious,

but are naughty, proud, and rude, think what a bad example you are setting to those who are younger than you. Oh! it is so sad to hear little children say, "My brother or sister did so, and why shouldn't I?" Do try never to let it be said of you that you have taught a little one to do wrong.

Little Joseph Bellot's history should teach you how much good you may do by your example, especially in leading your companions to be industrious.

He was a little French boy,

whose father was a smith, quite a poor man, with very little learning of any sort, and very little money to pay for his children's schooling. However, as little Joseph seemed to be a clever child, his parents determined to send him to school, although in order to do so they were obliged to do without many things they very much wanted, sometimes even going without proper food, that they might have money enough to pay for the lessons their little boy loved so much.

Now if, when Joseph saw all

his parent's self-denial and love for him, he had been lazy and careless and idle, he would have been a very naughty boy, and would have given his father great sorrow. But this was not the case. He was determined to work hard to show his gratitude to those who cared so much for him; and very soon he became quite a favorite in the school, a favorite with the masters because he was so industrious and obedient, and a favorite with the boys because he was always good-tempered and merry.

It happened that, among his companions at school, there was one boy whom no persuasions or punishments could induce to work hard ; he was so lazy and idle that every one thought he must turn out a dunce ; and so he would if it had not been for little Joseph.

The father of the idle boy, hoping that the example of an industrious one might have some effect on his son, asked little Bellot to become his friend, and to spend some of his play-time with him every day. It was soon plain that as the two

children grew fonder of each other the lazy one seemed to wake up and gradually learned to take an interest in his lessons, which, to the astonishment and joy of his father, were learned and prepared almost as well as those of his little friend.

Do you not think it must have been a great pleasure to little Joseph to see that he had been the means of leading his young companion to love study for its own sake and for the sake of pleasing his father too? Would he have been as happy, do you think, if, instead of per-

suading the lazy boy to work hard, he had allowed the lazy boy to make him as indolent and slothful as he was himself? Oh no, I am sure he would not. Only see, then, what a deal of good you may do by taking care always to set a good example to your little friends.

Then, too, you have everything to encourage you to be industrious, for you know that by being so you will please your parents, who are always glad when they see you doing what is right. And you have books and kind friends to teach

you and help you to understand those things which you could not learn by yourself ; indeed, it would be a shame if you were lazy with all these blessings. I have heard of a little sweep who lived in the city of Dublin, and was busy all the day sweeping chimneys or running errands for his master, who yet managed to learn to read though he never in his life went to school or had a book of his own. Most little children would have thought that quite a sufficient excuse for knowing nothing ; but this little fellow longed

very much to be able to read, and never rested till he had learned. I will tell you how he contrived to do this, and how it was found out.

Some kind people who lived in Dublin took pity on the little chimney-sweeps, who were growing up so ignorant and wicked, because nobody took any trouble to teach them; and so they determined to set up a school for them, and to gather together as many of them as they could find, to hear about God, and to learn many things that would be useful to them

when they grew up. Well, among the very first little sweeps who came to the school was this little boy I told you about. The teacher thought that as he was so young, of course he did not know how to read, so he asked him first if he knew his letters. "Oh yes," said the child. "Can you spell then?" said his friend. "Oh yes." "What! can you read?" "Yes." "From what book did you learn?" "I never had a book in my life," said the boy. "If you never had a book, what school did you go to?" con-

tinued the teacher. "I never was at school," was the answer; and then it came out how he had coaxed a little friend of his, who was a sweep like himself, to teach him his letters. But he had no book, you will say, how could he learn his letters? Well, I will tell you how he managed. These two little fellows used to go out together, and while walking along the streets of Dublin, the little teacher would point out to his pupil the different letters over the shop doors, and would say, "There, that is A; see, there

are a great many A's : find another ; ” and as the little sweep was industrious and took pains, he soon learned to know A quite well. Then his friend showed him B and C, and all the other letters, and when he knew them perfectly he taught him that if you put A and B together, they spell Ab, or if you turn the letters round and put the B first and the A next they spell Ba ; and then the little sweep would rub his dirty hands together, and feel ever so much taller now that he was getting so wise.

And so he went on learning till he could read any common words, and then the school for chimney-sweeps was opened, and he went there, and was soon able to write and do sums too.

I do not suppose any of my little friends ever had so little help in learning to read as this little sweep had, and yet he persevered till he gained his end. Very often when little people are learning to read or write we see a good many tears, and sometimes very naughty, ugly faces, and instead of being

eager to go to the schoolroom, we hear discontented little voices saying, "Oh, I wish it was not lesson-time; I do hate lessons so!" Did you ever know a little person talk like that? I hope not; perhaps I am the only person who has ever seen such faces and heard such words; but I am rather afraid I am not. At all events, I hope that such scenes are very seldom seen in your home, and that as you get older and wiser they will become more and more rare; for you may be sure that, if you wish to be happy, the best

motto you can have is the beautiful text, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit serving the Lord."

LOVE.

“BE YE KIND ONE TO ANOTHER, TENDER-HEARTED, FORGIVING ONE ANOTHER, EVEN AS GOD FOR CHRIST’S SAKE HATH FORGIVEN YOU.”—Eph. iv. 32.

THERE is nothing very hard or difficult in that, some little child may say as he reads the verse at the beginning of this chapter; “it is very easy to be kind to everybody, and I am sure I do love all my friends very much indeed.”

Ah, if this were all the text means perhaps it would be easy



"She took off her own frock and wrapped him in it to keep him warm."

to follow the law it lays down for us; but I am afraid that you have not thought enough about it yet. What does the great Apostle Paul mean by being kind to one another, do you think? Does he mean that when other people are loving and pleasant to us we are to be kind to them; when they take pains to please us, we are to try and please them in return; that when they speak gently to us, we are to do the same to them? If that is what he means, why, it certainly does seem very easy; but that is not all he means,

only a very small part. Now you must never forget that when St. Paul wrote down this law he only wrote what God, the God of love, told him to write. And what does God say in other parts of the Bible about loving one another? Does he not tell us that we are to love our enemies, to bless them that despitefully use us and persecute us, and to try and overcome evil with good?

Is that easy, do you think? No, it is very, very difficult; so difficult that nobody can do it unless God gives them grace

and strength to enable them to do it.

But that he will give this grace to all who ask for it, we know very well. Go to him, then, dear children, and pray that you may be made meek and gentle, quiet and loving, tender-hearted and forgiving, like that dear Saviour who when he was reviled reviled not again, who when he suffered threatened not, but was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb so he opened not his mouth.

Yes, try and tread in his footsteps, and in the footsteps of those who have followed him up the steep and thorny road that leads to eternal glory, and now rest from their labors in his presence forever.

Many years ago there was a terrible famine in Switzerland; so dreadful was it that people called it "the hunger year." There was hardly any bread to be had, and what there was was so dear that no poor people could buy it. Many, very many poor creatures died; sometimes it was the father and sometimes

the mother, and very often it was a little child; but whoever it might be, in every house in a little village near Basle, some one had gone. Little Joseph, whose short but beautiful story I am going to tell you, had lived all his life in this little village; but now his mother was dead, his little brothers and sisters were starving, and his father telling him that he could no longer afford to keep him, sent him away to try and find a home in some other place.

Taking the little Bible which his mother had given him just

before her death, he set out on his travels hungry and sorrowful, and yet feeling that while God was his friend he could never be quite alone.

He walked on all day, and just when it was beginning to grow dark, and he was afraid he should have to sleep under the hedge that night, he came to a solitary farmhouse, which, with its nice barns and out-houses, looked very warm and comfortable to the poor weary boy. At last he ventured timidly to ask a servant-girl if he might sleep in the barn that

night, and she being very good-natured, went to ask her master, and soon returned with full permission, and with some supper for him too ; for his pale face had made her feel very sorry for him.

I cannot tell you how thankful Joseph was for this warm bed and nice supper ; and as I daresay you have never known what it is to want either one or the other, you will not be able to understand half his happiness that night, or his gratitude the next morning when the kind servant, whose name

was Margaret, told him he might stay there, and help the two men on the farm, and he should have plenty to eat.

He thought this was an answer to his prayer that God would watch over and take care of him ; and so it was with a very glad heart that he began the work which his master gave him to do.

But there were troubles in store for little Joseph still. The two men-servants were wicked men ; they used to curse and swear dreadfully ; and when they saw the little boy kneel

down to pray at night before he went to sleep, they began to abuse him, and threatened to throw him out of the window. As you may imagine, this made him very miserable ; never in his life before had he heard such words as they used, and he often felt afraid that God would punish them for their wickedness by causing the house to fall down, and so he should die with these wicked men. At last one day he made up his mind that he would give up his situation and run away ; but when Margaret found out

what he was thinking of doing, she persuaded him to stay a little longer, and comforted him, and tried to make him forget his sorrows. For Margaret loved the little boy; he was very grateful to her, and she liked such a pleasant little companion. And so he agreed to stay a little while longer.

Sunday came round, but no one at the farm thought of keeping holy that sacred day — no one but little Joseph. The men-servants slept much later than usual that morning; but the little boy got up and went down

stairs where Margaret was at work in the kitchen. He had showed her his Bible, his only treasure, and she had seemed very anxious to hear what it was all about; for when she was young she had heard very little about the Saviour and his works of love or mercy. So now, when Sunday came, he brought out his precious Bible again, and asked her if he should read a chapter to her. She gladly consented; and he read to her the glorious story of our Saviour's death, of all his sufferings, and told her why it was that he

was willing to bear such great pain, so much scorn, and ill-treatment. You know quite well that it was out of his great love and pity for us poor sinners that the Lord Jesus died on the cross; but poor Margaret did not know; it was the first time the good tidings of great joy had reached her ears, and she felt that they were indeed good tidings, for they had lifted a weight from her heart, and made her feel ready to sing for very joy.

But when evening came, the cruel men came into the kitch-

en, and began to amuse themselves with mocking and abusing poor Joseph. One of them had let the great house-dog loose, and now threatened to make him fly at the child if he would not repeat the wicked words that they were so fond of using.

But Joseph, though a timid child, was a brave little soldier of Jesus Christ. He knew that those words were sinful, and would displease his Master ; so all their threats were of no use : they could not make him say them. I do not know whether

the man had really meant to do as he said ; but he did not hold the fierce dog firmly enough, and in a moment it had sprung upon the poor boy. They called it off, but not till it had bitten his hand quite through, and made it bleed terribly.

Now Joseph was not a strong, healthy boy ; the want of food and the cold had made him thin and weak ; and though at first Margaret's kind care and nursing seemed to make his hand better, in a few days the wound turned all black, and he grew

weaker and weaker every day. And now I come to the best part of my story ; the part that shows you how by God's grace a little child can forgive and love his worst enemies.

Joseph soon saw that he was going to die ; but the thought of death was not at all terrible to him ; there was no one in this world, except Margaret, that he cared to leave, and in the happy land beyond the grave there were joys to which he had long looked forward. There was the meeting with his dear mother, who had first taught

him to pray ; and there was the hope, the sure and certain hope, of seeing his Saviour face to face. But was he not very angry with the cruel men who had caused him so much pain, perhaps you will ask. No ; you shall hear how he spoke about them to his kind friend Margaret, and you will see then how completely he forgave them both.

It was when he seemed very near death : he had been lying one day quite still as if he were asleep, when suddenly he started up, and said to her : “ Oh ! I .

have one request to make. It is that you will tell the men that I forgive them both with all my heart, and have prayed to God to forgive them too, and to save them from hell." And when he was just dying, and the two wicked men stood by the side of the bed, — for Margaret had called them in to see him die, — he turned towards them with a smile, and raised himself in the bed, and said, "I have forgiven you from my heart ; oh ! Jesus will forgive too ; — pray, pray to Jesus — and curse no more."

Was that not true forgiving love? Does it not put you in mind of the dying words of the holy Stephen, who while dying from the wounds made by the heavy stones, looked up to heaven and prayed for his murderers—"Lord, lay not this sin to their charge"?

But how can any one pray for those who have treated them so cruelly as this man treated the little Swiss boy? You can answer that question now I think. You will tell me that no one can do such things unless God gives him the power;

unless the same Jesus who gave us the example of forgiving love, when he said, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," — unless he puts into our hearts the spirit of love, of brotherly, forgiving love.

This is a sad story, though it is a beautiful one. Little Joseph's life though short was full of sorrows, such sorrows as I hope you will never have to bear. But you must not think that because such great troubles do not fall to your lot, you cannot keep the command, "Be ye kind to one another, tender-

hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

You are sure to have opportunities of keeping this command every day, if you look out for them and take advantage of them. It will not always be easy; but you must learn to be self-denying, and then you will know what a pleasure it is to make others happy, even if it is by giving up your own wishes.

You have heard of that country a long way off, called Australia, have you not? You know, I daresay, that a great many

English people have gone out to Australia and found a new home in that country. Some parts of this land are covered with great forests, and people cut down some of the trees and build their houses on the piece of land they have cleared in the wood, and this is what is called living in the bush.

In one of these homes there lived a carpenter, with his wife and three little children, the eldest being nine years old, the second seven, and the youngest five. It is about the second, who was a little girl, called

Jane Duff, that I am going to tell you.

We do not know very much about her ; but we do know that she had learned, though she was so little, that the great God loves little children, and will hear them when they call upon him. She had learned too, as you shall hear directly, to deny herself for the sake of others ; to be tender-hearted ; that is, to feel as sorry for other people's troubles as if they were her own.

Well, one day it happened that little Jane with her two

brothers was sent by her mother to gather broom in the wood; and the three children, after walking about some time, found that they had gone so far from home that they could not tell which way they ought to go to get back again.

Have you ever lost yourselves, dear children? have you ever, when walking with your nurse, wandered a little way from her side, and lost sight of her? I daresay you have. If so, you know something of the fear and alarm these little ones felt when they looked around

them and found that they were far from home and all alone.

They walked on, hoping that they should see something of their cottage home before long ; but the further they went the more frightened they grew, for the wood was thick, and soon it began to grow very dark. So day after day passed away ; for eight whole days and nights these poor little children wandered about in the great pathless forest : sometimes they grew tired and sat down to rest, and often the little one would cry with the cold and hunger. Then

little Jane, his good little sister, would comfort him, and tell him not to cry ; and though she too was very, very cold, yet because she could not bear to hear him cry, she took off her own frock and wrapped him in it to keep him warm ; then on they trudged again, the elder ones carrying their little Frank by turns when his little feet were so sore that he could not walk, for every day they hoped they should reach home again.

Meanwhile at home the parents of the three little children were wondering what had be-

come of them : they hunted in every direction, far and near, but nothing was to be seen of the little wanderers. But still they went on looking, for they could not bear to think that they should never see them again. At last the father, almost in despair, asked some of the black people of the country to help him in his search. Now these Australian blacks are very clever in tracing out people's footsteps. I suppose they have very sharp eyes; but they seem as if they saw every bend in the blades of grass, and every

break in the bushes which have been caused by some one passing that way ; so the poor father hoped that they might be able to find out where his children had gone. Well, for several days they went on looking, and at last they discovered the marks of little feet on the grassy ground, and then they knew that they were on the right track. With breathless haste they continued their hunt ; but when the father remembered that it was now a week since the children were lost, his heart grew very sad, for he thought,

“Even if I find them, they must be quite dead and cold, for how could they live so many days without any food?”

But what was his joy when on the ninth day their search was successful, and they discovered the little wanderers all lying on the ground in a sound sleep, the little one being placed between the two elder children, and covered up with his sister's frock! They were not cold, they were not dead; but they were very, very weak; so weak that the two elder ones could hardly speak, — little Jane just

opening her eyes and saying, "Cold, cold," as her father lifted her from the ground.

No wonder she was cold, no wonder she was almost dead; for all through those long days and damp nights the little thing had gone without her frock that it might keep Frank warm.

Very soon they were carried home and laid in a warm bed; and then the little girl opened her eyes once more, and began softly repeating to herself her evening hymn :

"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child ;

Pity my simplicity ;
Suffer me to come to thee."

But perhaps you will say you do not believe that little children could live so long without any food, and suffering from cold and thirst, spending the nights in the wild wood, and sleeping on the cold damp ground. But before you say so let me finish my story. Every night when the sun had set and the moon had come out, and all around was dark and still, then little Jane would pray to God to watch over them, to take care of them, and to bring them

again to their happy home, and to their dear father and mother; and these earnest prayers of the little feeble child were not unheard.

There is an eye that never sleeps, but through the thickest darkness still looks down and watches over the children of God, and there is an ear that is never closed to their prayers. Little Jane knew this, and so in the midst of her great sorrow and anxiety she sought her Saviour's help; and though it did not come at once, it came at the right time and in the

right way. Through those long days and terrible nights do you think the children were alone? Oh no; though they saw no one, though you would have seen no one if you had been there, still they were not alone; for One whose love is as strong, yes, stronger than death, and whose power is so great that nothing is too hard for Him to do, He was with them, guiding their steps as they walked, and watching over them while they slept, and at last bringing them back again to their parents' arms.

MISSIONARY CHILDREN.

“HE BROUGHT HIM TO JESUS.”—John i. 42.

THESE five little words have a great deal in them. You can all read them, and I hope understand them ; but did it ever enter your head to try and do what Andrew is here said to have done? Did you ever try to bring any one to Jesus?

It was the Saviour's parting command to his disciples, when from the Mount of Olives he

ascended up into heaven, that they should go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature ; that is, that they should try as long as they lived to bring as many people as they could to Jesus. You know how well the apostles obeyed this command; but after a little while they all died, and then those who lived after them had to go on with that work ; and now we too, you and I, are called to do it.

But perhaps some little ones will say, “ Oh, but we are so young we cannot do such things ;

when we are grown up we will try and bring other people to Jesus; but now we are so little." Now, if you really love Jesus Christ yourselves, I do not think you will say you are too young and too little, and such things as that: for if you know the way to find him yourselves, you can surely tell it to others. If you do not know him or love him yet, still, dear children, I have something to say to you. Seek him now; seek the Lord while he may be found; call upon him while he is near; seek him, and you shall find him;

and then go and take your place in his army of faithful soldiers, and try to bring your brothers, your friends, and all you know and love to Jesus too.

Never say you are too little. Remember that when the carpenter has any work to do, he does not always choose his saw, his hammer, or his very largest knife for his work ; sometimes he uses very little tools, very tiny knives ; and if you asked him why, he would say that the large tools would spoil the work ; that nothing but the one he is using will do it properly.

Now you know that God can, if he pleases, do his work with little tools too ; and if you please, you may be chosen to be one of his little tools. Would not that be an honor worth having?

In a beautiful country far away there lived, some years ago, a good missionary, whose name was Dr. Judson. Now, though the country was beautiful to look at, though the hills were green and covered with flowers, and everything looked bright and smiling, still it was a dark, gloomy land all the

while ; gloomy, because the people were heathens, and worshipped gods of wood and stone ; dark, because the Sun of Righteousness had never shone in their hearts.

The good missionary had lived and preached there some time ; he had suffered a great deal from the wicked people, who did not like to hear about the true God ; but still he was never tired of his work ; like the apostles, he longed so much to bring many souls to Jesus. Now it happened that as Dr. Judson sat in his room, the door

of which opened upon the high road, he had often noticed two people passing, a tall man and a little boy; and I will tell you why he noticed them. The little boy, whom his father called MOUNG MOUNG, was very beautiful, and had always such a sweet, smiling face; and every day as he passed the house he would look up to nod and smile at "Jesus Christ's man," as he called the missionary. You will wonder how this child, a little Burman boy, whose father was an idol worshipper, could have heard anything of our blessed

Saviour. You shall hear. When he was quite a little baby, his mother had died, and now he had no one to love but his father; but before she died she had heard of the Lord Jesus from some of the other Burmans to whom the missionary had preached, and what she heard she believed and remembered; and then, when death came, and she found she must leave her baby, she was very unhappy to think that he would grow up to be a heathen, like his father. And so she gave her baby to her maid, who like herself wor-

shipped the true God, and begged her to teach MOUNG MOUNG the way to heaven.

The nurse promised, and she kept her word. The sweet story of the Saviour's love sank deep into the heart of little MOUNG MOUNG, and this was why he always looked so smilingly at "Jesus Christ's man."

Often and often he would talk in his childish way to his tall, grave father, who, though he would never allow any one else to speak of such things to him, still seldom stopped his little son when he prattled

about those things he loved so well.

But all the while in his heart the tall, clever Burman hated the very name of Jesus; a Christian he would never be, so he said to himself; for in his eyes to be a follower of Jesus was to be something very low and mean. Still his little boy's voice was so sweet, his childish talk was so pretty, that even the hated words sounded beautiful from his lips; but the father little thought all the while that God was using his little MOUNG MOUNG to teach him many les-

sons he would never have learned from any one else.

Day after day the father and child passed the missionary's house ; but though the boy often begged hard, he could not induce his papa to go in and talk to Dr. Judson. Sometimes the missionary came out and spoke to them ; but he never got many words in answer, and would turn back, feeling very sad.

But one day, when he had begun to give up all hopes of ever being able to do anything for them, he was sitting in his

room reading, when suddenly he heard a light step at the door, and the next minute little Mounng Mounng sprang into the room, followed by his tall, grave father. At last, then, he had persuaded him to come, and the happy smile on his bright face showed how glad he was.

The good missionary talked to the father for some time ; and the little boy listened with breathless eagerness to every word, till at last he could be silent no longer, but exclaimed, as he sprang towards him, " Papa, papa ! let us both love

the Lord Jesus Christ! My mother loved him, and in the golden country of the blessed she waits for us." The poor Burman knew not what to say; he soon after left the house, taking with him, however, a little tract, which he promised to read to little Mounng Mounng, and he never came again. Sometimes the child would run in for a moment to ask for a book, or to get a smile and a kiss from "Jesus Christ's man," but the father was never with him.

After some time a dreadful disease broke out in the town,

and the missionary heard one night that some one was ill at the house of little MOUNG MOUNG's father, and that he was wanted. He was soon at the house, and what a scene was there ! As he entered, a wild wailing sound met his ear ; it was the mourners weeping for a departed one. In the first room lay the body of the dear little boy, cold and dead, but on the face there was a sweet smile. By the side of the child sat an old woman, the kind, faithful nurse who had watched over him, and taught

him all he knew of the Saviour, and she told the missionary of his peaceful and happy death. "He worshipped the Lord, the Redeemer," she said; "he trusted in him; he called and was answered; he was weary, weary, and in pain, and the Lord loved him, and so he took him home to be a little golden lamb in his bosom forever."

On the child's bosom lay a book: it was the Gospel of St. Matthew; he had died with it in his hand, and they left it there. It was the book from which he had learned the way

to heaven : so no wonder he loved it.

But where was his father ?
“ Was he dead too ? ” asked Dr. Judson. No, not dead, but dying. He lay in the next room, pale as death ; and when the good missionary spoke to him, he had not strength to answer. “ Can you trust in your idols now ? ” Dr. Judson asked gently, for the poor Burman had placed his hands on his forehead in the way the heathens do when they mean to worship their gods, and he was afraid that the sick man was still a miserable idolater ;

“Can you trust them now?”

At once the hands fell down, with such a look of sadness as told how well he knew that the idol could not save him; but he knew who could, for at the name of Jesus his face lighted up with such a glow, and his finger was pointed upward with such a look as if he could already see the face of the King in his beauty. One moment more, his hand fell, and the happy spirit was gone — gone to join the blessed child who had first led him to seek the Saviour, his little missionary boy.

Now, if a little Burmān child can do such great things for God, no little English child ought to say he can do nothing. It is not likely that you know any people who are heathens like MOUNG MOUNG's father was, but most probably you do know many little children who do not love Jesus Christ, who have not made him their friend, and who have not given their hearts to him. Now, if you have done this, if you know how good and gracious he is, can you be so selfish as to wish to keep him all to yourself? If you have

heard something that pleases you very much, suppose we say, that you are to have some pleasant treat on your birthday, would you keep the news to yourself, and never tell any one? Oh no; I expect you would run and tell everybody, — papa, mamma, brothers, and sisters, and all your little friends. Well, and if you know the glad tidings that the angels brought to the shepherds on Christmas Day, long, long ago, will you keep it a secret from all the world? No: rather go and tell it out to every one, and never

cease telling it as long as you live.

Little Charley Rogers was the eldest child of a working-man. He used to go to the Sunday-school every Sunday, and always said his lessons very perfectly, so that he seemed to be one of the best boys in the class. I say he seemed, for you know that we cannot always judge by the outside; and though Charley was good and obedient to his parents, attentive and industrious in his class, still all the while there was no real love of God in his heart;

he had not yet found out that he was a miserable sinner, and needed a loving Saviour.

He thought that because he was so good and went to church and school every Sunday, and tried to behave well at home, he should be sure to go to heaven when he died ; and poor child, I am sorry to say that he was not the only person in the family who made this great mistake.

There was his old grandfather, with whom he was a great favorite, and with whom he always prepared his lessons for

the Sunday-school : he too was very proud of his honesty and his goodness, and boasted very often that his place in church had not been vacant for many years ; and, like the Pharisees in the Bible, thought that by repeating prayers with the lips he was pleasing God. But one Sunday when Charley came home from school, his grandfather noticed that he looked very grave and thoughtful, and wondered what was the reason. Soon it came out : his teacher had been speaking that afternoon of the wickedness of the

heart, and had shown his little pupils that all the good deeds we may do are worth nothing in the sight of God unless our hearts be changed, and we do them from love to him. And then he showed them how utterly impossible it was for us to keep one of God's commandments without his help, and that if we break one of them, we deserve to go to hell forever; but he did not stop there. He went on to tell them that for all their sins there was forgiveness if they would ask for it; that though they had brok-

en God's holy law over and over again, yet he would forgive them, because Jesus Christ had borne the punishment instead of them, had been made sin for them, that they might be counted righteous and pure before God.

This was a new idea to little Charley ; the Holy Spirit was working in his little heart ; and when he came home that afternoon he could not keep it to himself, but told what the teacher had said to all he loved, his mother and father, and his old grandfather too.

But they were very, very angry ; to them it seemed no glad news : but Charley was not discouraged. Sometimes when they scolded him very sharply for thinking he knew better than they did, he would feel very sad ; but then he would read over again the chapter from which he had first learned his own sinfulness, and the remembrance of that lesson soon comforted him.

It was the most earnest wish of his little loving heart that all around him should be brought to know the Saviour he had

found, and for this he labored and prayed with his whole soul. His grandfather, especially, he longed to lead to Jesus ; for he was now getting very old, and death might soon take him away from this world ; and how dreadful it would be if he should die before he had known the Saviour !

I cannot tell you how often this little missionary boy pleaded with the old man, or how often he prayed for him. I must go on to tell you how his desires and prayers were at last granted. Months passed, and

little Charley was taken very ill. The doctor said he could not live many days; and indeed all his friends could see that he was fast sinking, and bitterly they wept for him; but amongst them all there was one who seemed as if he could not bear to let the child go. It was his old grandfather, who, now that his little teacher was leaving him, began to feel that the words which he had heard from his lips must be true; and as the child lay quite insensible on the bed, he leaned over him, begging him most piteously to

speak to him once more, and tell him what he must do to get rid of his sins.

At last Charley opened his eyes, and seemed to know his parents once more, and then the old man's grief broke forth again, and he sobbed out :

“ O, Charley, Charley ! how can I get to feel my sins ? I must be worse than you, but I can't feel them. O, Charley ! I have hardened my heart, and now I can't soften it. O, Charley ! pray for your poor old grandfather. Tell me how you got to feel your sins.”

They must have been sweet words to the dear little child, who, brightening up at once, gave the paper on which he had copied his much prized Bible-lesson to his grandfather, and told him to go to his teacher and ask him to explain it to him. "But that is not enough," he said; "you must go alone and pray to God to show you how your heart is bad, as the Bible says, and how dreadfully you need forgiveness through the Saviour's blood."

These were nearly the last words little Charley said. Very

soon the mansion in his Father's house was ready for him, and bright angels came to carry him there. His work was done, his missionary work, and he entered into the joy of his Lord.

And what of the old man? you will say.

Well, it is written, "Ask and it shall be given you: seek and ye shall find;" and this promise, so beautiful and encouraging, was fulfilled to little Charley, though he did not live to see it. Does he know that his prayer was granted, and his grandfather gathered into the

fold of the Good Shepherd? I cannot say; but he will know it one day, when they two stand together before the great white throne, and hear the same sentence from the lips of the great Judge: "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

Should you not like to be him when he meets the grandfather whom he led to Jesus, in the land where there is no more parting, no more death, and no more tears. Should you not like to know that you have

been the means of leading one soul to that blessed place? I am sure you would. Now I have told you one way by which this may be done; it is a very simple way, but it will not always do. Sometimes we cannot speak to people and tell of the love of Jesus, and the need they have of him; perhaps we do not know them well enough to do so. Well, if so, must we do nothing? Oh, no! If we cannot do anything else, we can pray for them; and who can tell how much good that may do? And I daresay, if you try,

you will find out some other way of helping them too.

A little Sunday-school boy, in London, used every Sunday to pass a shop for cakes and sweets, which was open on that holy day just the same as on week days. He knew very well how wrong this was, and he often wished that the people who kept the shop knew as well as he did how much such things displease the great God. He often thought about it; and one Sunday, having asked his teacher to give him a tract about keeping holy the Sabbath day,

as he passed the house on his return home, he ran in for a moment and laid it on the counter.

He did not say a word, but ran home, and, kneeling down by his little bed, he asked God to make the people read the tract, and to incline their hearts to keep holy this blessed day.

I daresay he little thought how soon his prayer would be answered ; but he did not forget when the next Sunday came to look at the shop, to see whether it was open again. How pleased he was when he

saw all the shutters up, and the door shut, and no business going on! But he longed to know why it was. "Perhaps," he thought to himself, "they have all gone out for a holiday, and so shut the shop to keep it safe." So, to find out if this was the reason, he knocked at the door. It was opened immediately; but the person said, "You cannot buy anything to-day; it's Sunday;" and shut the door again. I suppose she thought that the little boy wanted to buy some sweets to take to school; if so, she was very much mistaken.

She had sent him away with something much sweeter than all the sugar-plums in the world — the happy feeling of having been able to do something for God, and the hope that Jesus would bless his little missionary.

But you will say, perhaps, there are so many, many people far away who know nothing at all about God, and how can we help them? That is what I am going to tell you. First of all, you must pray for them; nothing will do so much good as prayer — never forget that.

Then cannot you save up your halfpennies and pennies to buy Bibles to give to these poor people, and to help to send out missionaries to teach them? Perhaps you want your pennies to buy toys and sweetmeats, and you think that the little money you have can do very little towards helping to send out missionaries or Bibles to the heathen. It is quite true that it is hard to give up toys and such things; I know it is, but still I am quite sure you will never be sorry that you do what you can, even if it is very hard.

Was it easy for Jesus Christ to leave his throne in heaven, to put off his crown, and bid farewell to all his glory in that world of joy, and to come down to this sinful world to suffer, bleed, and die? Did he find it easy, do you think? Oh, no. Then why did he do it? Was it because we asked him to come and save us? No; oh, no. Was it because we loved him so? No, it was not that; we hated him, and did all we could to grieve him. Why was it, then? Dear children, it was because he loved us; yes, loved us when

we hated him, loved us when we sinned against him, loved us when we despised him, loved us still when we crucified him. Is it, then, too hard to give up a little pleasure for him? Will you not do it? Will you not try to be his little missionaries in your homes, in your families, and wherever you go? Do not be content to go to heaven alone; try to take others with you there.

LITTLE MARTYRS.

"THESE ARE THEY WHICH CAME OUT OF GREAT TRIBULATION,
AND HAVE WASHED THEIR ROBES, AND MADE THEM WHITE
IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB." — Rev. vii. 4.

Oh what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly gain or loss ?
Bright will the crown of glory be
If we have borne the cross.

HAVE you ever been away
from home for a long while,
far away from all your dear
ones whom you love so much ?
If so, do you remember what
you were thinking about as you
journeyed homewards ? Was
it not of the faces you were so



"They said she should be thrown from the top of one of those high mountains."

soon to see again? of papa's and mamma's kisses, and the merry greeting you would receive from your brothers and sisters, and the happy party there would be at tea that evening? Yes; I have guessed rightly, have I not?

Now you know we are all travellers, do you not? We are all journeying together, and I hope, but I am not sure, to the same bright, happy home; and so, for a few minutes, I want you to think of those we shall meet there.

You can read about that beau-

tiful land in the Bible ; and I daresay you often have done so ; and about the great multitude which no man can number that dwell there in the presence of God. But in that great multitude, that great crowd of people who have all lived at one time or other in this world, is there nobody that you know anything about ?

Perhaps there is some one who once loved you very much now living in heaven ; perhaps little brothers or sisters who once played with you, and who seemed so strong and well that

you never thought they would die and be laid in the grave; perhaps they are there, and if so, you can think of them among that great multitude, and look forward to meeting them again.

Then there are many good people whose lives we read in the Bible — Abel, Noah, Abraham, Joseph, David, Daniel, St. John, and St. Peter, and many, many more; Moses, who died alone on the top of the mountain, where God buried him; Elijah, who never died at all, but went up into heaven in a chariot of fire; and oh, such

numbers that have gone there since then.

Among them all there are many little children, and it is about some of these little ones that I am going to tell you now; about some that you have never seen, for they lived before you were born—little children, who, as the verse says, “came through great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.”

There is a long word there, and I must tell you what it means. Great *tribulation* is the

same as great pain and great sorrow; and when you have read the stories I am going to tell you, you will understand how it was that these little children had to bear such great suffering. They all lived in lands where the people did not worship and love the true God, but bowed down to images made of wood and stone, and called them their gods; and it was because these little ones had learned to love the Saviour that they had to bear pain and suffering for him. You have heard, I am sure, of the town called

Antioch ; there is a great deal about it in the New Testament, for it was a city that St. Paul often visited, and there were a great many Christians there.

A great many hundred years ago there was a very wicked emperor, who treated the poor Christians in this city very cruelly ; he seemed as if he liked to see people suffering great pain, and would often stand and watch while they were being burned to death or cruelly tortured. Now, one day it happened that he was judging a poor man in Antioch who had

been accused of being a Christian, and after having put him to dreadful torture, he asked him which was the true God, the God he worshipped or the idol of the emperor. The poor martyr was in great pain, and quite tired of answering their foolish questions; so he said, "Ask any little child and he will tell you." Now, among the people that stood in the judgment-hall watching the martyr's sufferings, there was a woman who led by the hand a little boy of nine years old; and when the poor man said this,

the cruel emperor turned round to the child and repeated the question to him, little thinking what the answer would be.

The little fellow looked round on all those stern, cruel faces,—on the emperor with his splendid purple robe, on the fierce-looking soldiers with their sharp spears and glittering swords, and answered boldly but meekly, “There is but one God, for Jesus Christ and his Father are one.”

I cannot tell you how fierce and angry the emperor looked. “Who taught you this faith,

child?" he asked; "some one must have led you astray." The boy looked lovingly up in his mother's face, while he still held her hand, and replied, "God taught it to my mother, and she taught me that Jesus Christ loves little children, and I learned to love him for his love to us."

"Let us see what the love of Christ can do for you now," said the wicked man; and then he ordered his soldiers to beat the poor child with their heavy rods. So he was torn from his mother's arms and cruelly beat-

en ; but when he saw her eyes raised to heaven, and knew that she was praying for him, he remembered all the dreadful sufferings of the blessed Saviour of which she had often told him, and then he felt that he could bear anything, even death itself.

“What can the love of Christ do for him now?” said the judge to the poor mother, as she stood weeping to see his sufferings. “It makes him able to bear what his Master bore for him,” she said ; “and it teaches him to forgive his enemies.” At

last the pain made him so faint, that they let him go, and when he felt his mother's arms round him once more, all he said was, "Mother, give me a drop of water, I am so thirsty." Not one word of anger against his enemies, not a single bitter thought was there, but faithful to the end, he looked up to heaven, and gently saying, "There is but one God and Jesus Christ whom he has sent," he closed his eyes and died.

This is the story of one of those little ones who patiently bore the cross on earth, and

now wear the bright crown of glory ; but there are some among that happy band who suffered the same dreadful tortures when they were even younger than this little fellow.

There was little Cyril, a child of only six years old, who lived in a town called Cæsarea ; shall I tell you about him ?

How he had learned all he knew about the Lord Jesus, I am sure I cannot tell you ; but when he was very young he loved nothing so much as praying to God and talking to other people about him. His parents

had not taught him, for they were very angry with him ; and when they found they could not make him leave off talking about the Saviour, they beat him cruelly and turned him out of their house. All his little companions, too, did everything they could to make him unhappy ; so that, homeless and friendless as he was, he often longed for that home which he knew was prepared for him in heaven.

At last, one day, he was brought before a heathen judge, who threatened to put him to

death if he would not worship the idols of his father ; but that did not frighten him at all. He only said, “ I am quite ready to suffer. God will take me up. I am not sorry at being turned out of doors ; I shall have a better home. I am not afraid to die, for it will only send me to a better life.”

But this judge, though he was a heathen and a cruel man, did not like to burn such a little child ; so he told his soldiers that when they had taken little Cyril to the fire they were to bring him back to him again ;

for he thought that the child would be frightened when he saw the fire, and would be sure to promise to be a heathen again.

But he was quite disappointed;—he did not know that though his little prisoner was so small and weak, God had made him strong and bold to bear any suffering for Christ's sake, and so that it was of no use to try and persuade him. To all he said, the child only answered, "Your fire and sword cannot hurt me; I am going to a better home; kill me quick-

ly, that I may get to it the sooner ;” and then, when he saw that many of the people who stood round were weeping for him, he said to them, “ You ought to be glad ; and so you would be, if you knew of the city to which I am going.”

And so he died ; choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season.

It is dreadful to think of what these little ones suffered, is it not ? Dreadful to think of the tender little hands being tied

to the stake, and the bundles of wood heaped up around it, and the fire flaming up and scorching their little faces. Oh! it is very horrible, and very sad to think that even in our own dear England these things happened — in this happy, peaceful land, where we have so many Bibles and so many churches. We can hardly imagine now that once all was so different, and that if any one dared even to keep God's holy book in his house, he might be dragged before the judge and put to death.

But so it was ; and in the happy band of children martyrs who stand before the throne of God, there are little ones who lived in our own country, and who spoke the same language as we do now.

A great many years ago there reigned in England a queen, called Queen Mary, who was very unlike our own dear Queen Victoria. She was a very cruel woman ; and yet I think we ought to be very sorry for her too, for when she was a little girl she had never been taught to love and serve the Lord Jesus,

LITTLE MARTYRS.

so that when she grew up all she thought about was how she could make all her subjects worship the Virgin Mary and saints and angels, as she did. And then cruel, wicked men told her that if her people would not leave off reading the Bible, and do as she wished, she ought to put them to death, and she believed them, and so her reign was a very, very miserable one.

Among all the martyrs who died while Mary was queen, there was a little blind boy whose story you will like to hear. He had not been always

blind. When he was first taken to prison he could see as well as you can; but he was put into such a dark, gloomy cell, that very soon he lost his sight altogether.

For more than a year Thomas Drowry, as he was called, lived in this dismal place; but though to us the cell would seem very horrible, we know that to the blind boy it often seemed bright and joyous, for Jesus was there, whose presence can make any place not only peaceful but glorious.

Day after day passed away,

and at last the blind boy was taken by the jailer before some great men that he might be judged for his faith. He was asked whether he believed what the Romish priests taught and preached, and whether he would go to church with his friends and worship the images of the virgin and saints as they did. He boldly answered no ; he would worship and love God alone, for the saints were only dead men and women who could not hear or help him.

Now it happened that the judge who was questioning him

had sometime before preached that it was wrong to worship these images, and it was from one of his sermons that Thomas Drowry had learned to believe in the Saviour. So when he was asked who had taught him such things, he answered at once, "It was you, Master Chancellor, when you preached in that pulpit," pointing to the place where it used to stand.

"Then change, as I have," said the wicked man, "and thou shalt live, as I do, and escape burning." The Christian boy boldly answered, "Though you

can so easily mock God and all the world to save your life, yet I will not do so."

Then the judge grew very, very angry, and at once ordered that he should be burned to death; which, when the blind boy heard, he only said, "God's will be done." That very day his body was burned to ashes, and his happy spirit fled far away from pain and sorrow to rest forever.

In the north of Italy, south of the high mountains called the Alps, there is a beautiful country, called Piedmont. If

you were to go there now, and were to stand in one of those quiet, peaceful valleys, or on the sides of those beautiful mountains, with the soft green grass under your feet, and the deep blue sky over your head, and all around you so still and calm, you would hardly be able to believe that once those sweet valleys and grassy fields were filled with bands of cruel, brutal soldiers, who came there, not to fight against each other, but to hunt and kill poor weak women and little children, and men who had no swords or

spears to defend themselves. Everything now is so quiet and still ; but some hundred years ago, terrible sights might often have been seen there. And I will tell you why. The people who lived in these valleys were good people : while all the countries round worshipped the Virgin Mary and saints and angels more than God, the poor Waldenses, as they were called, loved the blessed Saviour, and tried to walk in his footsteps. This was why the cruel soldiers used to come rushing into their quiet valleys, driving the poor

people from their homes, burning some of them, and showing no pity even to the little children. The poor Waldenses were often obliged to hide in the caves of the mountains; and there they would sing their sweet hymns, and pray to their Father in heaven; but even there sometimes, in the midst of their most solemn worship, they heard the heavy footsteps, the clashing swords, and the loud shouts of their cruel enemies.

And then the little children would tremble very much, and

look very frightened as they clung to their mothers' sides; and some would cry bitterly, for they knew well that if their hiding-place was discovered, the cruel men would have no pity for them. Not pity the little children, you will say; why, how could they kill the little babies — poor little' helpless things! I do not wonder that you are horrified, and shudder to hear of such things; but it is quite true. Sometimes the little ones were snatched from their mothers' arms, and dashed against the rocks; or, if the

mothers would not let them go, the cruel soldiers threw them together from the tops of the high mountains, and they were dashed to pieces at the bottom.

One of these little children, a little girl, who was the daughter of a poor peasant who loved and served God, was found by a band of these wicked men among the rocks of her native valley. In her arms she held her little brother, a baby of only eight months old, and when he cried at the sight of those rough, cruel men, who spoke so loud and were so cross

to his sister, she only clasped him more closely, and told him not to cry. It must have been a pretty sight to see those two young children, as the baby clung to his little nurse's neck; but those hard and cruel hearts felt no pity for them.

The little girl knew and loved the Saviour: that they soon found out; and when they saw that no threats could make her deny her Lord, they said she should be thrown from the top of one of those high mountains, and so killed along with her little baby brother.

Did her little heart fail when she heard her dreadful fate? I do not know; but if it did, she looked up for strength to the God who has promised to be our help in time of trouble, and he enabled her quietly and joyfully to lay down her life for him. Two days after, their little bodies were found lying cold and dead at the foot of the mountain, the baby still pressed close to his sister's breast.

And now I should not be surprised if the thought has come into your head, If these children were so good, and so

faithful to their God, why did he let them suffer such terrible pains, and not deliver them out of them ?

It is very natural to think this ; but if for one moment you could speak to one of these happy children in heaven, and ask why it was, he would tell you that he rejoiced that he was counted worthy to suffer shame for Christ's sake, and that all the sufferings he had borne for him are quite forgotten now in the joys of heaven.

This has been a chapter of sad stories ; but I hope it will

make you feel very, very thankful that you were born in a land where the Bible is read, and God is worshipped in the right way ; and where we may go to church Sunday after Sunday and listen to what we hear there without being afraid of any harm happening to us for doing so.

It is not very likely that any of you will be called to lay down your life for Christ's sake ; but you may perhaps have to bear much unkindness from those who do not love him. If so, oh ! ask for grace and

strength to stand fast, and to bear all in the same spirit as these little martyr children bore tortures and death, that so you may follow them as they followed Christ.

Yes ; may you follow them in their life of meekness and gentleness here ; follow them with steadfast faith down in the dark valley of death ; follow them who have entered in at the golden doors of heaven, and meet them at last before the throne of God.

The martyr host above,
In garments clean and white,

How bright is now the crown they wear !

Their throne, how dazzling bright !

From tribulation come ;

From bitter, bitter pain ;

They ne'er shall taste the cup of woe,

Or shed a tear again.

Of different lot on earth,

In heaven they all are one ;

Here rich and poor and young and old

Rejoice in victory won.

They stand before the throne ;

They see the Lord, the King ;

They strike their harps in holy joy,

While heaven's high arches ring !

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